Fate. Thou in the mulicht And I in the shade; But, oh! by the sunligh The shadow is made. Thine be the gladness And mine be the gloom For love, though thy triumph Is only my docm,

In silence and shadow, Through woal and through ill, My fate is too love And to follow thee still. Unseen and unknown Will I cling to thy heart For fetters have bound me That death cannot part!

Music in the Night.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprieior.

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CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA. THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880.

CENTRE REPORTER.

Coming Home from Church. Coming home from church together, In the lovely spring-time weather, Pretty Jenny, dashing Willie-She as fair as rny lily. Slowly wending, 'neath the shadows Past the brook and by the meadows, Arm in arm so fondly twining, While the silver stars are shining.

Summer days are longer growing, Summer nights their joys bestowing; At the porch, in silence meeting, Eyes alone extend a greeting. Ah, the rogue! her mother taught her That the other way was shorter! Longest road and brightest weather,

Coming home from church together Autumn days were sweet and mellow Autumn grain was ripe and yellow; Oh, the moonlit hours for roving! Oh, the litle "Yes" so loving! Blushing Jenny, handsome Willie-She as fair as any lily-

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